

# MICHIGAN FARMER

## AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

HIBBONS BROTHERS, Publishers.

DETROIT, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1893---WITH HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.

VOLUME XIX.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE"

NUMBER 10.

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### MICHIGAN DAIRYMEN.

The third annual session of the Michigan Dairyman's Association, held at Adrian, Lenawee Co., drew out a good attendance of those interested in this branch of agriculture. The manufacturers of dairy appliances were out in force, and made themselves heard at every opportunity. The Mayor of the city welcomed visitors in a short address, which was responded to by Mr. S. J. Wilson, of Flint.

President Geo. B. Horton, in his annual address, referred to the growth of the dairy interest in this State. He said:

"From these small beginnings the business has spread over the State until now we number over one hundred cheese factories, and as many creameries, and nearly all sharing a good degree of prosperity, and as years come and go are becoming more firmly fixed in the line of mixed farming, as among the safest branches to patronize. In localities where there are no cheese factories or creameries, the farmers in general are awakened to improved methods of feeding, milking, milk setting, churning, etc., and many private dairies command better prices for their butter. Statistics of 1892 show that there are in Michigan 438,000 milch cows, valued at \$13,000,000. Equal to the value of all other cattle combined, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  more than the value of both sheep and hogs. Our dairy products sell for about \$15,000,000, an amount equal to the entire wheat crop, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  more than the value of corn."

He referred to the necessity of keeping up the standard of Michigan's dairy products, and said:

"I hope that every dairyman will so manufacture and place on the market his goods, that the fact of their being made in Michigan will be a guarantee of perfectness and honesty. It will surely win in the end. By the most perfect process, try to make nothing but clean, fine flavored butter, and by all means make nothing but full cream cheese."

### Agricultural.

#### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Shepherdville, Feb. 27, 1893.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I thought I would write a few lines to you in regard to this sheep business. Last October I bought a Shropshire buck, the first one in the county, I think. Ever since then I have heard that they were only grade sheep, and that the Oxford down and the Hampshire down were also. I have heard this from men who have the Cotswolds and Southdowns. Now if there are full blood, what is mine? I have been in an argument ever since I bought him, and I write to you to settle the question. Please publish this in your next week's issue. I have raised sheep for many years, and never have written for any information before.

In regard to my ewes lambing, will they have any trouble or not? They are fine ewes, and will their lambs mature any quicker than mine? A SUBSCRIBER.

You need not worry one bit about that Shropshire ram. If your ewes are all right you will get some fine lambs from this cross on Merino ewes as you can wish. Let us hear from you after your lambs are a month old, and see if we are not correct. As to Shropshires being only grades that is nonsense. The Hampshire, Shropshire and Oxford are known as distinct breeds, and have been for many years. The Oxford, the most recent of the breeds to be accepted as a distinct type, have been recognized as pure bred for over twenty years. All the long-wool and Down breeds have been made by judicious cross-breeding of several varieties of sheep until a type was reached which was up to the standard aimed at by their improvers, and then inbred to preserve that type. This is the history of every breed of domestic animals of any note, horses, cattle, sheep or swine, except perhaps the Merino, whose early history is lost in antiquity. The Down breeds have just the same right to be considered thoroughbred as any other breed of sheep, and reproduce themselves as closely as any of the long-wooled breeds. Farmers have not experienced any trouble with the lambs bred from Merino ewes. There are thousands of them in market every year, and this spring will see the number largely increased in this State.

#### THE VALUE OF PURE BRED MALES.

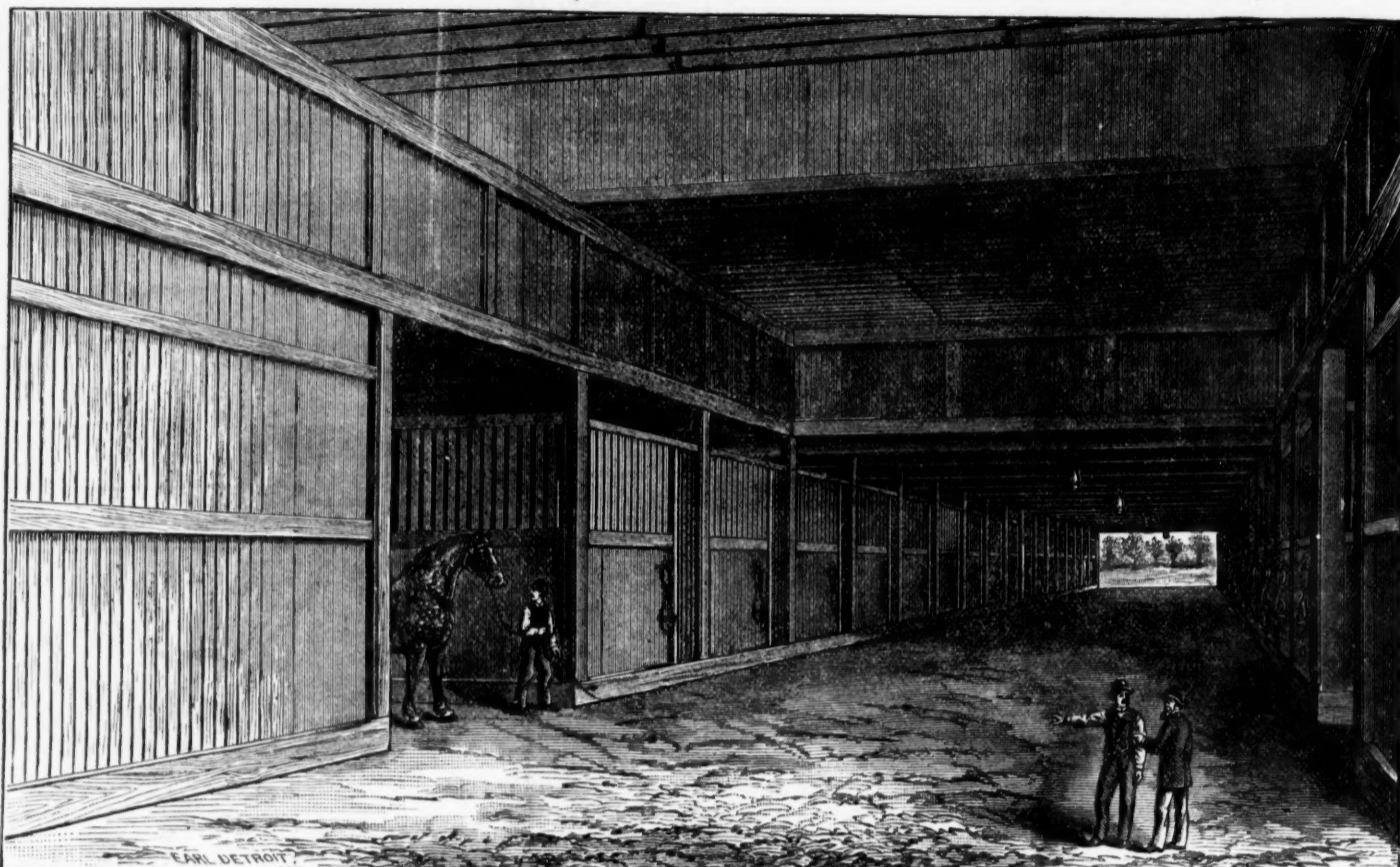
Richland, Kalamazoo County, Feb. 25, 1893.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

E. F. Knappen, of this town, delivered at the stock yards here on February 18th, 82 pigs of his own breeding and feeding, that were farrowed from the 10th of May to the 15th of June, and that weighed at yards 29, 340 lbs., an average of a little over 354 lbs. These pigs were all sired by one boar, a pure bred Poland-China bred by C. W. Jones, of Richland, and were out of high grade Poland-China sows. N. Byrnes, of farm joining Knappen's, also brought 23 white hogs from 15 to 20 months old; total weight, 10,230 lbs., an average of 444 lbs. He also brought 40 white pigs farrowed in April and May, of his own breeding and feeding; total weight, 10,750 lbs., being an average of 268 lbs. Is not this a chance for comparison?

#### OCCASIONAL.

The above items show the great value to the feeder of live stock of thoroughbred sires. In the instances cited above no one will deny that the gain in early maturity saved nearly six months of feeding, if such weights were to be attained, as compared with common hogs. The average age of the first lot was nine months, and the weight attained, 354 lbs., would give an average gain on the lot of about 1.30 lbs. per day. When it is remembered that thoroughbred males are so generally spread over the State, and that nearly every farmer is within convenient reach of them, it is really a matter of surprise that so many miserable animals in the shape of cattle and hogs are sent to market. They must have been a loss to their owners, and neither the drover nor the butcher wants to touch them. They ought to be boycotted.



Interior View of one of Savage & Farnum's Percheron Stallion Stables, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Michigan.

(Copyrighted.)

factories creameries, and naturally thinks they will do most anything.

Mr. E. L. Lockwood said the remedy for white specks was "care."

The question of the merits of silos and ensilage was next taken up, and Mr. C. F. Moore, of St. Clair, spoke of his experience with it compared with other methods of curing food. He said the cheapest way to make a silo is to use the bay, in a barn, and make the sides tight. He uses clover, cut up, and packed tight; thinks it better than corn. After the silo is full, it should be weighted heavily, and covered tightly. Twelve acres of clover, put in a silo, make more feed than twelve acres of hay, and better for cows in milk. Some papers advised not to put on weights, but he tried it, and lost half his ensilage.

P. Collier asked which is the cheapest, ensilage or cured hay.

Mr. Moore said ensilage is a cheap fodder because so much can be put into a given space. Had put forty-two loads of clover in a bay of ordinary size, converted into a silo, and if clover be well matured, all the better. Corn makes better ensilage when ready to glaze.

Mr. Lockwood thought it somewhat costly to get ensilage out of a bay sixteen feet high.

Mr. Moore said he obviated this difficulty by cutting doors at different heights in the silo.

Mr. John Boyd, of Chicago, said he used corn for ensilage, and his stock was wintered at half the cost of former years. From ten acres of corn, well grown, on rich soil, 185 tons of ensilage can be made. It pays farmers to build silos.

E. D. Dickinson asked if any of the ensilage is refused by stock, as in case of hay?

Mr. Moore said not. It was eaten up clean.

Mr. Kinney asked if ensilage was good for butter cows.

Mr. Boyd said it was. He fed just before milking. His cows make more butter on ensilage than on other fodder. He sprinkles ground feed upon it when fed.

In answer to a question, Mr. Moore said it was a matter of conjecture when it was best to put clover in a silo, but he thought it was best if slightly cured. He found that both steers and horses did well on ensilage.

Mr. W. H. Strong, of Ohio, said he had a silo. His butter was of excellent flavor. He fed before milking. His silo is above ground, and in filling used nearly ripe corn. It took twelve days to fill. After a few feet are put in, let it heat, then repeat, a few feet at a time, and the ensilage will be better.

S. M. Hamilton asked if corn or clover could be cured whole?

Mr. Moore said yes, but if cut much more can be put in the silo.

W. H. Strong said it costs him  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents per day, each cow, fed twice a day, on ensilage. A cubic foot of ensilage each day answers for a cow.

Mr. Tappan—Is ensilage always hot?

Mr. Strong said it is never entirely cool but warm enough not to freeze.

Mr. Tappan said he built a silo last fall, filled it with green corn, and his cows fed on it held out well. He furnishes milk for the city, and heard no complaint.

Mr. Strong said ensilage-fed cows do not require as much water as those fed on dry fodder.

In a discussion of whether warm or cold water was best for stock in winter it was generally agreed that it paid to warm it.

Mr. Boyd said he warmed it to 90 degrees, and had practiced it for five years. Cows will drink more, and consequently give more milk.

An Illinois man said that in that State cattle are fed all the way from thirty to sixty pounds of ensilage per day.

Mr. Boyd said ensilage took the place of

roots, and cost less, being four to one in favor of ensilage, labor and all else considered.

The discussion lasted a little longer, but nothing new was elicited and an adjournment was taken till evening. We will continue the report of the convention in succeeding issues.

#### A FINE STABLE.

The cut on this page is a faithful representation of the stable recently erected by Messrs. Savage & Farnum, Island Home Stock Farm, this county. Many who have visited it since completion, declare it to be the finest stable in this State. It is a well-lighted and ventilated, and the main aisles are of sufficient area to enable them to utilize them as show ground for their horses. The stalls are 15 feet square, all finished in oak, and afford ample room for the largest horse. It is fitted with every modern convenience. Feed is elevated by the wagon load, and the labor of caring for over 200 head of horses, the number now on hand, is reduced to the minimum. While the horses are securely stabled, they are not made prisoners, as they can see each other at all times, a point which most have great influence upon their disposition. This stable, and the fine lot of imported horses it now contains, are well worthy of a visit from those interested in horses, and the proprietors extend an invitation to all farmers and stock men to give them a call.

#### LIMITED INFLUENCE.

I am impelled to the consideration of this subject by the fact, that what seems necessary for the public generally to adopt, as one of a series of progressive steps, has to wait, and beg and clamor for admission to the popular favor. There seems to be a sort of reluctant foreboding of evil attending a step outside of accustomed paths, and year by year passes and no progress is made, because the proper influence has not been promoted or presented by the proper person, or in the proper way. I have seen a flock of sheep hesitate at a gap leading to fresh pasture, fearing that in the pasture was hidden some crouching devil, but after a few had safely entered the whole flock was eager to "get there" without regard to the method or order of going. So there are improvements that clamor for recognition which only the few adopt, while the flock grazes in stony pasture, unwilling to enter any new field.

This conservative propensity is doubtless a safe one to follow in certain cases, for the over credulous are often beguiled into enclosures that are not clover scented fields; but this conservatism should be guided by reason rather than by instinct, and when reason makes the pathway clear, there should be no hesitancy to follow after others who are chewing the cud of content on the new range. So long as human nature is so constituted, those who desire to spread the gospel of improvement must study the forces that have been most successful in overcoming this natural inertness. There seems to be a sort of magnetism in numbers, or in a mass of people congregated together, and this magnetism can be swayed and merged into a belief that shall be common to each. A speaker who believes in his theme and can demonstrate its value, can usually sow seed that shall grow, with a root long enough to hold in the minds of his hearers. New ideas advanced at a farmers' institute get a stronger hold of men than when related by one individual to another. I have known men thus to become sudden converts to an idea, and honest advocates and practitioners of the new scheme, who had scouted it as nonsense at the first. So that all steps toward reform must first gain the assent of the assembled clan, to spread into a general acceptance.

There are always a few individuals in every community who come to the front whenever their bugle call is sounded. But there are usually ten others, equally interested abstractly, for whom the gospel of reform is really intended, who cannot be reached except by some upheaval of enthusiasm, that shall induce them to attend. There will soon be scores of gatherings in the State of wool-growers' associations, attended by the faithful few, whose influence will be limited because of the lack of numbers of those to whom the benefits of the discussions would be greatest. Sheep shearings have become the annual meet of a coterie of interested breeders, and the sole benefit to the public accrues only from the published records, and these have become too common to attract attention. Twenty-five sheep men listening to a paper, on every point of which each one is familiar, except perhaps in the manner in which the writer puts things, is getting to be monotonous. Five or six breeders at a shearing, with a silo, shivering contingent of spectators, is a sorry spectacle, when we consider what an influence ought to go out from such an object lesson. It is useless to speculate upon the causes which have produced such a change in a few years. Formerly a sheep shearing was the center of attraction for miles around. Every shearing table was thronged two or three deep with interested spectators, who canvassed the merits of each fleece and every animal. The influence then exerted upon the public, in this important industry, is lost. Whether a compromise between the breeders and the public could be effected, whereby the shearings could be held at a later period, when the weather would be more suitable for out-door pleasures, and the chances for a wider interest be increased, is a question worth considering. If a spring institute could be inaugurated by every sheep and wool association, where all questions germane to the whole wool and sheep industry could be discussed, the influence going out from it would doubtless crystallize into something tangible, and be the worst cost of the gathering, and the inconvenience of an attendance. If every farmer could be induced to adopt the highest standards, up to the grade of his ability, as fast as they were presented, or as fast as manufacturers are compelled to adopt new improvements, farming would take an advance step at once. This would improve, not only the farm, but the farmer himself, and excite in him a desire for that qualification necessary to influence others. It is highly gratifying to note the interest public men are taking in the affairs of farmers. While this tide is at its flood is the time to make our wishes known and our influence felt.

A. C. G.

#### WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

"When should stock be fed their grain in the morning; before or after hay?" was brought up in the forenoon session as supplementary to the last question in the January meeting. The Club being out in force, and Mr. Wm. C. Latson's new house so arranged that all could hear and participate, while the lengthening February days indicated more time, there was a general disposition to take hold of work.

W. E. Boyden opened in the affirmative by stating that this was his present practice with cattle, and for his reasons for the faith within him he would say anatomists tell, and our own observation confirms the assertion, that the bovine species have three, or, as some say, four subdivisions of the stomach, each of which has a functional work in digesting food. The teeth, as in some other animals, do not perform mastication direct, but seem to partially manipulate that which is taken into the mouth, passing it to the rumen, where it is saturated with its juices, returned to the mouth for further disintegration, again swallowed and forced back through its legitimate channels prior

to its distribution to the blood and offal. When the rumen, or first stomach, is first filled, or partially so, with the coarse material, such as straw or hay, the more compact grain ration does not impact, but becomes thoroughly assimilated with its contents and forms perfect digestion. This process in a measure meets the demand for the cutting-box, and he was not sure but what it was better, as it was Nature's way, and it was axiomatic that her ways were best. On the other hand, cattle that had been fed ten or twelve hours, as in the morning, have the stomach full, but little of those coarser elements of feed with which to mingle the concentrated grain ration, and pass it on to the last division without proper preparation, hence the whole grain and meal so often seen in the manure. He had recently read the experiment made by an expert who had given cattle meal when off feed some time, and then had them slaughtered two hours after, and found the whole mass had passed into the last receptacle of the stomach with but small change in the condition of the grain, which he would submit was not altogether satisfactory.

Wm. Ball—If I swallow all that is printed in even agricultural journals we must have the digestion of an ostrich or town goat. Cattle were not so dyspeptic or tender as these wiseacres who sometimes deliver their two-for-five cent wisdom in the papers, and would make us believe. He doubted there being four stomachs in an ox; but if there were that did not prove the point. At no time were the stomachs of cattle empty that were fed daily; as proof of which he asked how many in going to the stables mornings have found them chewing their cud? He had made the practice of putting hay and grain before them about the same time and had not noticed any bad results. As to the voidings showing a waste, he would say again what he had tried to impress on their minds in January—study each individual's constitution and wants; not shoveling into them alike a certain fixed quantity of provender without knowing how much they could take care of. There was nearly as much difference in an animal's capabilities of assimilating food as in mankind. You would certainly not expect all of us to thrive and develop the highest physical perfection on one prescribed diet or quantity. Watch carefully their consumption and preferences and eat accordingly.

Mr. Nowlan considered it the correct thing to always give hay or straw first, and then the grain, or even if cattle can be found chewing their cud in the morning, there cannot be much left in the stomach to mix with the heavy, compact grain.

Mr. H. Dwight said he had spent some time in the dairy regions of New England, and the orthodox plan there was to always give hay first, and he believed if there was on God's green earth men that had reduced the science of feeding to a system it was the New England Yankee.

Messrs. Amos Phelps, McColl and others had always given grain first, without any particular reason other than custom and convenience, and had no particular theory as to results from either course, but thought the subject worthy of investigation.

As to the best method of caring for and disposing of coarse manure, Mr. Otis Cushing would haul it direct from the stables and spread it on the fields; it was then out of the way and forwarded spring work.

Mr. McColl was inclined to let it lie in well-protected piles, preserving its moisture and going through a partial decomposition so it would be in an available state for plant food. Dry straw litter, such as it is when first thrown out, was not the best fertilizer for spring crops, and there was the risk of spring rains washing, while much must be lost by evaporation.

Charles Rogers thought these evils were not as great as punching up the ground by

hauling heavy loads over them while wet besides manure in bulk is liable to fire-fang and lose as much that way as the other.

W. E. Boyden thought he could see better results for a longer time when spread direct from the stable, and unless farmers were better provided with shelter than the most of us there was a big waste in the yards.

A. Osaver had followed both plans, and had not as yet, in point of fertilizing elements, discovered an appreciable difference. The point was to get enough.

George W. Phelps was decided as to best results by a direct application from the stable; had thoroughly tested spring and winter hauling, and could tell for years after the difference.

A. J. Sawyer said there was an advantage not spoken of, viz., that when the ground has been covered in the winter, the spring plowing can be done better and with less motive power than where the ground has been left bare, and is in a more mellow condition.

In answer to the Question Box query, "When is the best time to sow clover seed?" President Bachus said in his experience on clay soils from the 10th to the 20th of March. Had sowed the seed when in portions of the field there were snow banks, but found no difference in the catch.

Wm. Ball asked if any one had had any experience in sowing on light soils in the fall.

Mr. A. Phelps said he had done so, and had it come up and form three leaves, but it was entirely gone the following spring.

Mr. D. Lyon said one of his neighbors who had a very light soil succeeded once, but thought the winter had much to do with it.

Mr. Johnson Bachus' paper, "Planning to Make Farming Pay," was a whole encyclopedia of information in a nutshell; the short pithy sentences of which fairly bristled with pointers to all who were in search of huge chunks of wisdom. As a matter of certainty haphazard work took a black eye from the start, and calculation was elevated to the clear head-lands that command the situation. He started the disgruntled sheep-raiser, by telling them there was more money in the two than any other combination on the farm, supplemented of course with clover. He could raise 25 bushels of wheat as cheap as 25 bushels of corn by a proper routine after spring crops, and realize as much from the straw, with buying grain, as he could by risking the summer draughts on maize. Never would summer fallow unless too far from the barn to manure, and then only to renew the clover. A few cattle might profitably be kept, say cows for their milk and their ultimate end the block. As to the kind of sheep, not wrinkle necks with metallic tags in their ears, or black faces with their bare legs and still a scantier-wooled bellies, but the general purpose sheep that would shear eight pounds of washed wool and would delight the butcher when turned over to his hands. Hire only sober, industrious, saving help by the month, and avoid day laborers, who can at best have but transient interest in your work.

Running around a stone pile or slough year after year was not planning, but taking advantage of a change of weather that interrupted other work, removing the one and draining the other, was planning, and the kind that paid. Hay was the most exhaustive and dearest crop raised, and he would aim to substitute fodder corn, millet, oats, straw, or some of the vine family in place of such large acreage to mowing. To croakers who were yearly sending farming to the everlasting bow-wows, he would say when some of us look back 35 or 40 years, and realize that the then only capital was a planning brain and willing hands, gathering up the little accumulations year by year, aided by that important factor, the bonnie lass who was not afraid to be a poor man's wife, and look upon the homes of comfort, if not luxury, that to-day surround us, and then upon the other picture of those choosing different avocations, measuring their success with our own, we must conclude farming and planning in the long run pay.

Mr. Ball said this was the kind of talk for farmers to listen to. Get into the spirit of your business and you will not have time to croak or grumble. He had ceased to hire men who drank or used tobacco.

Mr. McColl would subscribe to the drinking part, but would—ahem!—divide on the tobacco line with Mr. Ball.

Mr. Osaver believed he could raise 50 bushels of corn with less outlay than in producing 25 bushels of wheat.

Mr. I. W. Williams—if it pays to buy the coarse grains for stock, why will it not pay to buy the whole thing? The question he wished to see answered was, Does it pay to raise stock anyway? He would like to have Mr. Bachus carefully make his figures, using all the straw, coarse grain, or fodder corn, and rear a calf to maturity (and have the sale show a profit to the raiser. He had made some very close experiments, weighing and feeding, and could not yet figure out a margin for himself. Believed the best hog on earth would eat himself up before maturity if he figure up the cash value of the food it ate. As to wheat and sheep, he was glad to learn there was money in them, but guessed they were profitable only in connection with other crops and stock.

C. M. STARKS.

A Fenton farmer has fattened and sold 800 sheep this season.

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**THE COOLEY CREAMER**

The first invented, never yet equalled, and the only one that uses the patented submerged process.

**LABEL**

...a's White Metallic Ear Marking Label, stamped  
order with name, or name and address and num-  
ber. It is reliable, cheap and convenient. Sells at  
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**WHICH GIVES IT ITS GREAT VALUE OVER ALL OTHERS.**

Where there are no agents,  
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price. Send for circular.

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SUPERSEDES ALL CONDITION POWDERS.

Contains no poison. Best Tonic, Blood Purifier and System Regulator. Will make Hens lay.

**Davis STEEL Puller**

**Lifts 20 to 50 Tons.**

Worked by 2 men, 5 sizes.

Price, \$35 to \$70.

Old iron. 3 days Trial.

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Cures Cholera, Mump, etc. 1-lb. can, 25 cts. 5  
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 40 plates in English, 100 American Artists, 1 volume, 40 American  
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 Eagle Card Women, Eagle Card Men.



## SPRAYING ORCHARDS.

g them in hills. I don't know a single  
pistillate variety but what will do well in  
matted rows. I have known for years that  
the pistillate varieties are the more reliable.  
The Crescent Seedling is the most reliable  
for berries.

farmers were busy upon the seed beds  
their corn; so, thinking the most likely  
was to come upon them in person, my  
ner and myself took a walk round the  
ds with a view to trying what money would  
wards tempting any of them to part with

examinations, within a few days, of  
 air orchards to ascertain if the buds have  
 stood the enemy's attack by retaining  
 air vitality. This examination has been  
 made in a manner, however, that is not  
 considered praiseworthy. The limbs of

inch high, and large enough to support the vessel containing the honey. Place the latter vessel upon its support, and fill the water one with lukewarm water as high as possible without covering the honey. Remove the lid from the honey and place the

**KY. BLUE AND Orchard Grass SEEDS**  
**P. CARROLL, LEXINGTON, KY.**  
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**LEBO FLOWER**  
Plants Fresh and Reliable. Everywhere  
known as the Best. **50 Headquarters**  
**Grass Seeds.** Orders with Cash  
at lowest market price. Send for Catalogue,  
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**APPLE TREES, ETC.,**  
at very low prices. Send  
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a9 1st

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STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 2,398 bu., against 15,629 bu. the previous week, and 40,611 bu. for the corresponding week in 1887. Shipments for the week were 6,463 bu., against 11,391 bu. the previous week, and 32,158 bu. for the corresponding week in 1887. The visible supply of corn in the country on Feb. 25 amounted to 8,454,232 bu., against 8,354,522 bu. the previous week, and 16,134,015 bu. at the same date in 1887. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 149,710 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 42,294 bu., against 46,364 bu. last week, and 52,052 bu. at the corresponding date in 1887. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 7,649,783 bu. Corn has made a slight gain during the week, under a moderate inquiry for spot, and No. 2 is now quoted at 52c per bu., and No. 3 at 51c, closing firm. At other points corn is also doing better, and we note the Chicago market closed higher yesterday than for some days, both for spot and futures.

No. 2 spot closed at 50c per bu., March delivery at 50c, May at 52c, and June at 52c. By sample corn sold there at 48c for No. 2 yellow, 47c for No. 3 yellow, 49c for No. 2 mixed, and 47c for No. 3.

The Liverpool market on Friday was active and firmer than for some days, but prices were lower than a week ago. The following are the latest cable quotations from Liverpool: Spot mixed, 4s. 8d. per cental; March delivery at 4s. 7d., and April at 4s. 7d. per cental.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 18,552 bu., against 29,911 bu. the previous week, and 47,481 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were nothing, against 2,714 the previous week, and 7,277 bu. for same week in 1887. The visible supply of this grain on Feb. 25 was 4,917,699 bu., against 4,933,602 bu. the previous week, and 7,516,016 at the corresponding date in 1887. The visible supply shows a decrease of 36,003 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 29,078 bu., against 39,504 bu. the previous week, and 24,606 bu. at the corresponding date in 1887. Oats are a shade higher, and close firm at the advance. The market has been more active the past few days, and under light receipts the feeling is firm. No. 2 white sold yesterday at 35c, light mixed at 34c, and No. 2 mixed at 33c per bu. At Chicago the market also advanced, yesterday, and both spot and futures closed at 29c.

No. 2 spot closed there at 29c, 31c per bu., May delivery at 31c, June at 31c, and August at 28c. By sample sales were made at 30c for No. 2 mixed, 33c for No. 2 white, and 31c for No. 3 white. The New York market is more active and firmer, and both spot and futures close stronger under an improved demand. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 white, 39c; No. 3 white, 38c; No. 2 mixed, 37c; No. 3 mixed, 36c. In futures No. 2 mixed for March sold at 37c, and May at 37c. Western sold at 40c for white, and 37c for mixed.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The warm days of the past week appear to have affected the market, and values are weaker on all grades. There appears to be considerable stock held by dealers, and to secure customers there has been some cutting of rates indulged in by sellers. Hence it is not a good market to sell in. It would not be surprising to see some decline in prices under these circumstances, as the near approach of spring makes the holders dubious about the future. Quotations range as follows: Fine packed dairy butter, 18c; medium to good dairy butter, 17c; creamery, 20c; the latter for choice. At Chicago the market is moderately active. Receipts of dairy and roll are rather light, but creamery is in large supply. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy Elgin creamery, 20c; per lb; fine Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois do, 22c; fair to good, 18c; low grades, 14c; fancy dairies, 23c; fair to good, 18c; common and packing stock, 12c; roll butter, 16c; grease, 7c. The shipping demand is not as active as usual. At New York conditions are much the same as a week ago. Receipts have fallen off, but so has the demand, and it requires strong efforts on the part of sellers to hold up values under the pressure of heavy shipments from the west.

The Daily Bulletin says of the market: "Prices are only steady on finest grades while under grades are weak and irregular. Fancy Pennsylvania and Elgin are freely offered, and that is now the extreme on the open market, though some holders of special marks are trying to realize a fraction more in a small way. Western, other than Elgin, is quotable up to 28c for fancy, and supply moderate, but a liberal quantity is just a trifle under offering at 23c and some defective grades at 18c without cleaning up. Summer and fall creamery very slow. New State dairy continues irregular in quality and selling slowly at 20c for bulk, though selected from all new milk reaches 27c. O.D. State dairy quiet and tone easy, though available supply not large and prices bid about the same. Imitation creamery, western dairy and factory quiet and unchanged. Fine rolls held about steady."

Quotations in that market on Friday

were as follows:

CREAMERY, STATE, TUBS.

Creamery, State, tubs, 20c

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Creamery, State, tubs, 20c

Creamery, State, tubs, 20c

Creamery, State, tubs, 20c

Western factory, ordinary..... 14 @ 17

Rolls, fresh, fancy..... 19 @ 20

Rolls, good to prime..... 19 @ 20

Rolls, fair..... 19 @ 20

The exports of butter from Atlantic ports

for the week ending February 24 were 56,

058 lbs., against 236,297 the previous week,

and 154,754 for the corresponding week in

1887. The total exports of butter from the

United States during the month of January

were 571,311 lbs.; for January, 1887, they

were 697,070 lbs.

As a reason for the lessened foreign de-

mand and dull markets abroad, the follow-

ing report from London is of interest:

"The 'mixture' trade being interfered

with by the Margarine Act, has caused some

quantity of Danish and French butter—the

former more especially—hitherto used for

this purpose, to be marketed here in excess

of the average supply, and has been the

cause of the great depression noticeable re-

cently. The market has hardly yet recovered

itself, but a steadier tone is prevalent,

sellers not being so anxious as of late."

CHEESE.

The market remains very quiet and

steady. The demand is fair, and prices

are unchanged. Quotations here are

12c for full cream Michigan, 10c for

11c for Ohio, and 12c for New York; for

good to choice, 9c to 10c. Some special

makes of Michigan sell on a par with New

York, this is confined to two or three

factories. At Chicago there is nothing new

to report. Values keep steady, with some

makes very firm owing to scarcity. This

is the case with Young America. Quota-

tions there are as follows: Choice full cream

cheddars, 10c for 11c per lb; flats (2 in a box), 11c; Young

America, 12c; low grades, 5c to 6c; Swiss

skins, choice, 12c; fancy 1-lb skins, 9c; 1-

lb; hard skinned, 2c; brick cheese, 12c

to 13c. At New York the situation is much

the same as a week ago. The export de-

mand is light, and shippers are confining

their purchases largely to low priced goods,

of which a considerable quantity is being

taken. The Bulletin says of the market:

"There is quite a fair amount doing on

home account, though some allowance must

be made on the latter score, for the enthu-

siasm of operators who have just commenced

to find the absent demand over which they

were recently complaining. The domestic

call is handling choice and fancy stock and

furnished the outlet for combination marks,

to which reference was recently made. The

foreign markets remain about as last

week, though it is rumored that conflict

ing elements in Liverpool have come to

some kind of an agreement that will in-

crease the pressure upon the market. Stock

in the country is also securing some at-

tention, and reports received to day are

to the effect that the Eureka combination,

amounting to some 1,800,000 boxes, has

been taken by a Baltimore house, but rate

could not be ascertained."

Quotations in that market Friday were as

follows:

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

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State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

State factory, fancy, white..... 12 @ 14

us, was well handled by Mr. Lee, who fol-

lowed his remarks by showing a large num-

ber of samples of cross bred swine. A lively

discussion followed the reading of this re-

port, and in John Abbott, W. B. Stickney,

John J. Tower, Mr. Hetherly, Mr. Lilly, and

many others, showing that the Shropshire,

as well as the Merino, had many friends.

N. B. BLOOD, Sec'y.

DEHORNING.

Eckford, Feb. 25th, 1888.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Farmers in this neighborhood are begin-

ning to think that the way to manage dan-

gerous bulls is to dehorn them. Fasten

their heads solid by throwing them down

and tying them, or any other way, then

with a sharp saw cut the horns off tight to

the head, right down to the roots of the hair,

and let them go. Nothing else is needed,

as they bleed but little and the fight is all

taken out of them. At least this was the

case with the "Company bull," bought at

Wheeler Bros., and kept by Albert Pat-

tison, who is one of the company which

owns the animal. This bull became ugly,

killed a valuable horse that was accidently

let out to water in the same yard with him;

drove the hired man out of the yard, and

at another time attacked Mr. Patison him-

self and got him down on the ground, but,

perhaps thinking him dead by his lying per-

fectly still, after snuffing and smelling around

him left him and walked away, while Bert,

who had one eye open all the time, jumped

to his feet and scrambled over the fence,

thankful no doubt for his narrow escape

from a terrible death. This animal's horns

were taken off, and now it is

a very little steer in the yard will drive

him, and he seems perfectly safe.

ARZAH ROBINSON.

As one of our readers asked for informa-

tion in regard to dehorning, he can see

how Mr. Robinson, an experienced man

with stock, regards it. Here is a communi-

cation to the Kansas Farmer, from J. M.

Smith, of Globe, that State, on the same

subject, which gives some interesting points

regarding the practice:

"I dehorned my cattle last fall and will

comply with your request in contributing

my experience to your columns. It seems

to me the most men in dehorning the effect

of the operation place the incision of the

animal on a par with pulling the heel off

an old boot. My cattle fed right after the

horns were taken off, but it was a

severe operation, never makes, causing them

much pain for some time following. They

lost rapidly in flesh, old and young, for

three or four weeks; by that time the stumps

were healed and they recovered. The cows

declined in the milk about one-half; but

there was very little bleeding, but there was

a discharge of pus till the wounds were

about healed. I must confess I felt a little

disappointed as to the result for while, but

as winter approached they were brought in

For Sale Cheap.  
The Standard-Bred Trotting Stallion  
**MANCHESTER 3202,**  
foaled in 1901, sired by Enchanter 468, a son of  
Administrator 357; dam Oriole by Reveler 3109,  
will be sold at a bargain if applied for soon. For  
particulars address  
**Mrs. JAMES MOORE,**  
Milford, Mich.

Will sell in pairs, single or tri s. Write for what you want. Young Buckskins, either sex or colors in brow. Bred from the stock of Geo. W. Planer, Ne. Ark. Ohio, and Sneli & S. of Ontario. address W. M. G. & H. M. 605 So. Rochester, Oakland Co., Mich.

**LIVERY, SALE & BOARDING STABLE**

**FOR SALE.**

Having engaged to take charge of Fern H Farm, I MUST sell my stable in Detroit and offer a bargain to any one wanting a good business of this kind, located in the most desirable part of the city. J. O. N. DIXON, 2nd and Ne. St. Adelphi St. Detroit, Mich.

**NORTHERN BULLS FOR SALE.**  
Sired by Proud Duke of Pairview 30793, and Lord Barrington Hillhurst 68431, a few of Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Elizabeth, Perle Duchess and Rose of Sharon cows. Also, a few cows and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution. WM. CURTIS & SONS.  
Addition is on the new Michigam and Ont. Railroad. Para connected with State Telephone.

**SUGAR**  
Hear your bucket on the spot. No leakage. Will last a lifetime. Sample by mail 10c in 10 or 20 postage stamp. E. F. MOSHER, Holly, Mich.

Contains about 250 acres: 170 acres under big state of cultivation, balance in meadow and timber; new house, good fences, three good wells with living water on two sides the farm, new Perkins windmill; situated only two miles southeast of the village of Walnut Pigeon. Price only \$50.00 per acre; terms one-half down with five years' time on balance at six per cent interest. Possession given April 1st. For further particulars address

T. E. CLAPP, Banker,  
White Pigeon, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

[ur New Non-Freezing Poultry Water won first prize at the great National Show, Jan. 18 to 25, 1904, at the National Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa. S. A. BACON Grand Rapids, Ohio.      oil-3

responsibility will receive prompt attention, and no effort will be spared to protect the interests of the exhibitors.

**R. E. PHILLIPS**, Bay City, breeder and importer of Holstein-Friesian Cattle. Correspondence solicited. Intending purchasers invited to call and inspect stock.

**J. M. STERLING**, Monroe, breeder of pure Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

**W. R. SEXTON**, Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian Cattle. Stock farm, three miles south.      013-17

**W. L. WEBER**, East Saginaw, Nord "A" mostly imported, selected in Holland for Mr. H. E. Boardman by Mr. Cornelius Baldwin, of Ohio. Choice animals for sale.

**TURLEY BROTHERS, A/mada, Maconob Co.**  
breeder of Poland-China swine. Breeding  
stock all of choice families. All stock recored.  
Write for prices. 125-126

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**C. A. SEARING, Lyons, Iowa Co.,** breeder and  
shipper of Chester White swine, Oxford  
Down sheep and Shorthorn cattle. All stock re-  
corded. Correspondence solicited and personal  
inspection invited. Reduced rates by express.

**W. W. TUBBS, Delhi Mills, Washington Co.,**  
breeder of pure Suffolk Swine. Choice  
stock for sale. Correspondence promptly an-  
swered.

**Cows, Helpers and Calves.**  
for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms.  
Write for description, prices and records, stating  
what is wanted.  
**A. L. FORBES,**  
Stockholder, Mich.  
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**WE**  
**Todd Improved Chesters**  
have been crowned  
**King in the Show King**

On the farm with us may  
be seen a very fine flock  
of Shropshire sheep. For  
circulars containing full  
particulars address  
**E. R. TODD, Wakarusa, O.**

Will sell in pairs, single or trios. Write for what you want. Young Berkshires, either sex, for sale in 2 to 3. Bred from the stock of Geo. W. Plancy, Ne. Ark., Ohio, and Snell & Son of Ontario, Ind. Address W.M. Gr. & H.A.M., Box 60 Rochester, Oakland Co., Mich.

**LIVERY, SALE & BOARDING STABLE FOR SALE.**

Having engaged to take charge of Fern Hill Farm, I MUST sell my stable in Detroit and I offer a bargain to any one wanting a good business of this kind, located in the most desirable part of the city. JOSEPH D. WILSON, Proprietor. No. 46 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

**SHORTHORN BULLS FOR SALE.**

Sired by Proud Duke of Parliway 30793, and Lord Harrington Hillburn 68431, out of Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Elizabeth, Fern Duchess and Rose of Sharon cows. Also a few cows and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution. W.M. CURTIS & SONS, Addiscon, Lenawee Co., Mich.

Addiscon is on the new Michigan and Ohio Railroad. Farms connected with State Telephone.

**MAPLE SUGAR.**

Hang your bucket on the spout. No leakage. Will last a lifetime. Sample mail 10c in 1c or 2c postage stamp. Send Michigan by E. M. MOSHER, Holly, Mich.

Contains about 250 acres; 170 acres under big state of cultivation, balance in meadow and timber; new house, good fences, three good wells with living water on two sides the farm, new Perkins windmill; situated only two miles northwest of the village of Warren, Pigeon. Price only \$50.00 per acre; terms one-half down with five years time on balance at six per cent interest. Possession given April 1st. For further particulars address T. E. CLAPP, Banker, White Pigeon, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

(Our New Non-Freezing Poultry Water was first on display at the great National Show Jan. 18-20, 1900, at the Madison Square Garden, New York, and was a S. A. BACON Grand Rapids, Ohio. 180-25)

responsibility will receive prompt attention. **UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE**

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**W. R. SEKTON**, Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian Cattle. Stock farm, three miles south. **01-17**

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**T. B. BROTHERS**, A'mada, Macon Co., breeder of Poland-China swine. Breeding stock all of choice families. All stock recorded. Write for prices. **12-17**

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**W. W. TUBBS**, Delhi Mills, Washneten Co., breeder of pure Suffolk swine. Choice stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. **12-17**

**Cows, Heifers and Calves.**  
For sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms. Write for description, prices and records, stating what is wanted. **A. L. FORBES, Stockbridge, Mich. 12-17**

**W. E.**  
**Todd Improved Chertons**  
have been awarded  
**King in the Show King**

Our fine farm with us may be seen a very fine stock of Shropshire sheep. For circular containing full particulars address  
**S. H. TODD, Wakarusa, O. 12-17**



## Poetry.

## BLOOMING OVER THE DOOR.

A cottage all fitted and furnished,  
Stands daintily over the way,  
And here, a young pair to housekeeping  
Came promptly the first day of May.  
The place seemed to be the home of the cozy,  
The sun shone bright on the floor,  
Yet one daisy evening saw them planting  
A rose to bloom over the door.

And when they watched over its growing,  
And trained it with tenderest arts,  
And swift, as its bright buds unfolded,  
The love of home grew in their hearts.  
The husband came home in the evening,  
All weary and worn from the store,  
To find the wife's welcome the sweeter,  
For roses that bloomed o'er the door.

But "love," they say, "is out of the window,  
When poverty enters before;"  
But against all trials and troubles  
These two young hearts gathered full store.  
For, when fell the hush of the twilight,  
They whispered sweet love's sweet lore,  
Wave closer the bonds of affection,  
Near roses that bloomed o'er the door.

And when the "dark days" closed around them  
And poverty's waves overbore,  
To keep the dear home hot they struggled  
Where roses bloomed over the door,  
And now, all their "trial time" ended,  
They dwell in the sunlight once more,  
And love brightly gleams on the hearthstone  
Where roses bloom over the door.

Ye new mated pairs who are building  
Your home nests now heed, I implore  
This lesson—that love lingers longest  
Where roses bloom over the door.

So ye who count home more than shelter  
Be the bright springtime is o'er—  
To make home the brighter and dearer—  
A rose to bloom over the door.

## BELLS OF THE NIGHT.

The grass is wet with dew,  
And the stars are faint and few  
In the sky;  
The fireflies soar aloft,  
And the crickets chant a soft  
Lullaby.

Tan, floating on the night,  
Comes a melody so slight  
It would seem  
Less a thing to name or own  
Than an echo overblown  
From a dream.

The heavy odors sweep  
From the tropic coast to sleep,  
Far away;  
And the music, vague and low,  
Seems to lean, seems to blow  
To the east.

How it saddens! How it cheers!  
How it lulls the drowsy ears!  
With its spells!  
Oh, the midnight music sweet  
That thy airy towers repeat,  
Distant bells!

## Miscellaneous.

## MISS LYDDY'S SURPRISE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Two pretty, mischievous girls together,  
What may not one expect of such a combination?  
And nothing else they liked to do  
So well as to plan and perpetrate mischief,  
For Anne West and Mary Talcott at seventeen  
and eighteen were more full of fun  
than even girls at that age are usually.  
At their door all the misdeeds of the whole  
Hanaford Female Seminary were usually  
laid, because so many pranks and so much  
mischief were really belonged there. Yet  
they were really called "good-hearted,  
well-meaning girls" by people who forget  
that

"Well is wrought  
By want of thought,  
As well as by want of heart."

To-day, however, the curly fair head and  
the rough dark one were only full of innocent  
mischief; they were concocting valentines.  
Last year they had received several  
very saucy ones themselves, and were pretty  
sure of the senders, all of them seminary  
girls, so this year they were about to inflict  
revenge. There were not more than three  
young men in Hanaford who could or would  
distinguish themselves in this way; and  
one of these was just now ill with typhoid  
fever, another very recently engaged to the  
primary-class teacher in the seminary, and  
the third had a week ago taken his mother  
to Florida for the rest of the winter; so  
there was no flirtation to spice these valentines;  
no man to make miserable or happy  
for twenty-four hours; they were only writing  
for pure mischief.

Hanaford was a small and lonely town  
high up in New Hampshire, from which all  
the young men who could had "gone west"  
or to the great seaboard cities long ago.  
One of these youths had made a vast amount  
of money in California, where he had married;  
he had one child, a daughter, whom  
he had sent to New York to be educated,  
and at that very fashionable boarding school  
the girl had learned many things not in the  
regular programme; so that before her  
schooling was over she had eloped with a  
clerk in one of the city shops, a handsome,  
silly, penniless youth, who admired her  
blooming face much, and her money more.  
But he only got the face, not the money;  
her father never forgave her, and dying  
shortly after, left a large sum to build and  
endow a girl's school in his native town,  
adding the remark that he did this to  
provide a safe place for the education of  
silly young women, and especially requesting  
that all his family connection should send  
their daughters there rather than to any  
town or city.

As the school was liberally endowed, its  
teachers were well paid, its principal a man of  
high reputation and character, and its prices  
merely nominal, Hanaford Seminary was  
always full of pupils, and nobody up to this  
time had ever eloped from its precincts, or  
disgraced it in any way.

Anne West was the daughter of the only  
rich man in the town, and Mary Talcott was  
her cousin, who boarded at Mr. West's, and  
with Anne was numbered with the few day  
scholars of the seminary. To-night, as they  
finished their rhymes of fun and impertinence,  
and had also inscribed them on various  
decorated sheets of note-paper, suddenly  
Anne exclaimed, "Oh, Molly, let's write  
one to old Lyddy Packard! I don't believe  
she ever had a valentine in all her life-  
time."

"What fun!" responded Molly. "Let's  
do it, Nan. Let's make a real sentiment, a  
solemn one; one in dead earnest, you know."

My! wouldn't I like to be behind the door  
when she reads it!"

"So would I; but I'm not going to wade  
through all the drifts round her forlorn little  
house just to peep in at her window. I  
wish Valentine's Day came in warm weather—  
don't you?"

"I wish there never was any cold weather,  
if you come to that," laughed Molly.  
And then the two pretty heads were bent  
over the table, and the manufacture of some  
"solemn" rhymes went on; slowly, it is  
true, but perseveringly.

Meantime Miss Lyddy Packard went on  
her way unconscious of what awaited her.  
She was one of a class of women common  
in New England country towns—a real old  
maid. The days are long past when that  
term was one of opprobrium; the world has  
at last learned that its best, noblest, and  
sweetest women belong to the eleven thousand  
virgins, and are quite as truly saints as  
St. Ursula's following. Lyddy Packard had  
nursed a bedridden mother to her grave,  
her father having died of the fit of delirium  
tremens during which he had thrown his  
wife down the cellar stairs, and given  
thereby a fate worse than death to the active,  
cheery woman—the fate of a life-long  
imprisonment in her bleak little bed-room.

Lyddy had been cheerful, faithful and hard-  
working for twenty-one years under these  
adverse circumstances; could any saint be  
more? She had never been "in love" with  
any one, for after her father's death she  
had neither time nor opportunity to give  
way to the tender passion; nobody wanted  
to "go with" old man Packard's daughter,  
and run the risk thereby of encountering  
one of his drunken rages, so the lonely girl  
never went to singing-school, coasting  
frolics, apple-paring bees, or any other of  
the rustic gatherings; her sole social pleasure  
was going to meetings Sunday and to the  
Thursday evening lecture. She was twenty-  
years old the day she put her mother to  
bed, lifting her in strong young arms from  
the cellar floor, and calling in a chance  
passer to send him after the doctor. It was  
twenty-one years after that she laid that  
mother in her coffin and followed it to the  
graveyard, where it was buried beside an  
unloved and dishonored husband and father.

That was Lyddy's life. She was all alone  
now; her sole possession the little red house  
on a village street, with its small garden,  
and a few wood-lots upon the mountain-  
side; perhaps ten acres of rock and trees.  
She lived there as hundreds of such women  
have lived before her, with almost incredible  
frugality, and in entire solitude, except  
as she went out sewing some days in the  
year, or was sent for to help at Thanksgiving,  
or "killing time." Her cruse was like  
the widow of Sarepta's, that never failed,  
even if it were small and but half full; she  
never wanted for the necessities of life; her  
luxuries for her were the wild berries she  
picked in her own "lot" on the mountain,  
the Spitzenburg apples on the one tree in  
her garden, a loaf of cake once or twice a  
year from some kind and thoughtful neighbor,  
a fowl at Thanksgiving, or some ribs of  
pork and a little sausage-meat at killing-  
time from such sources; for Hanaford people  
were "real neighbors." Her pleasures  
were to go to church and prayer-meeting,  
and to work at early dawn and at sunset  
in her thrifty garden, and then gather her  
rose-buds, her pinks, her scarlet balm,  
her heaven-blue larkspur spikes, and her  
tall stalks of aromatic fraxinella blossoms,  
and to carry them to some ailing and  
flower-loving friend. A simply, homely,  
pious life she led, devoid of events, with no  
house-mate but her gray cat, and no more  
anxiety about her means of life than a bird  
that picks its living from the bending  
weed-tops, or the tree boughs among which  
it regularly sings its tiny nest from year  
to year.

Yet, after all, Lyddy was a woman, and  
she lived in her nest alone. A woman's  
heart and life never arrange themselves in  
solitude so comfortably as a man's; perhaps  
because he never has the feeling that his  
loneliness is compulsory; he has the comfortable  
masculine consciousness that he can at any  
time ask and have some one to worship  
him and to care for him; but a woman's  
fate is forced upon her; she can make no  
certain effort to escape it; she can only  
glide it with hope, or drape it with resignation;  
it would be untrue to nature as well as  
facts did I deny that Miss Lyddy never  
witnessed the household life of joy and pain,  
of forbearance and affection, in the homes  
where she was called as a helper, without  
breathing to herself some half-voiced wishes  
that she too was able to rely on a strong  
arm, to have children cluster about her with  
their fresh life enlivening her years, to be  
the centre and trust of a family, a mother  
in her home—highest and sweetest mission  
of a woman!

She never pined to vote; nothing could  
have induced her to leave the sphere which  
she believed God had appointed for her;  
she did not long to preside at conventions  
or convocations; her truly feminine soul  
revolted at such thoughts; but she was lonely  
often and again by her purring wood fire,  
with only the cat on her knees, the flicker  
of snow against her window, the drip of rain  
on the roof, or the soulless crying of wind  
in the spout—the only sounds to disturb her  
reveries. When such dreams or ideas as  
these assailed her, she repelled them as best  
she might, oftentimes closing her eyes and  
whispering to herself in her honest, pious  
fashion: "They will be done!" a spell that  
quieted her, in the exaltation of language of  
Scripture, "even as a weaned child."

It was a dark cold evening, that 14th of  
February, when a hurried tap called Miss  
Lyddy, just at dark, to the kitchen door,  
and a boy, tied up even to his eyes in a  
fluffy red comforter, thrust a yellow envelope  
into her hand and fled away.

Miss Lyddy drew near the lamp, carefully  
to the envelope, and discovered within it  
another, flowered, gilt, and tinted in the  
most florid style; she hesitated a moment  
before profane scissors were allowed to open  
that beautiful work of art; but curiosity  
prevailed; she slit the end neatly, and drew  
out a sheet of tinted note-paper. A wicked  
little cupid leered at her from the unfolded  
note, as he seemed to point right at her face  
his banded bow and ready arrow; two tiny  
turdle-doves eyed each other as they perched  
by side on a green branch in the other  
corner; garlands of roses and forget-me-  
nots trickled down either side of the page,

and enclosed the following verses, written  
in firm round script:

"Dear Lyddy, I recall the past  
On this auspicious day;  
Old times that flow away so fast,  
When you and I sat play  
Swinging from the oak trees by the school,  
Our gathered plums when days grew cool.  
I wish those hours would come once more  
When I, a happy child,  
Waited for you at mother's door,  
And you came by and smiled.  
Life has been long and hard and sad,  
But memory still can make me glad.  
Oh Lyddy, has your heart grown cold  
Beneath the frosts of time?  
My faithful love, though I be old,  
Keeps yet its youthful prime.  
I still am yours, if you'll be mine,  
Your true and constant Valentine."

Miss Lyddy laid down the missive, and  
sank into her rocking-chair.  
"Goodness me!" she ejaculated. Her  
face glowed; her pleasant eyes glowed too;  
in all her life she had never had a "valen-  
tine" before, and she could scarce believe  
her own eyes. She picked it up again,  
looked over the envelope, inspected that  
naughty little cupid curiously (she did not  
like smiles without occasion), smiled a tender  
smile at the pretty billing doves, ran her  
worn and fallow index finger down the  
tracery of garlands, and then fell to reading  
the verses over.

Molly and Anne had been much disap-  
pointed about that bit of rhyme. They had  
intended to make it very pompous and sub-  
lime, but their wits failed them; they could  
achieve nothing but this simple little jingle;  
but they "balded better than they knew."  
Miss Lyddy could feel and understand this  
plain English much better than a loftier and  
more elaborate strain. She did hesitate a  
moment over "auspicious"; but there was  
her Walker's Dictionary in a little high cup-  
board, where she kept it along with her  
mother's Bible, and it took but a moment to  
explain to her what the polysyllable meant.  
Then she began to talk to herself, as lonely  
people will.

"Well, it beats all! I don't know who  
under the canopy could have writ that to  
me. Somebody 't'went to deestrick school  
along of me, certain. We did hev a swing  
onto that big white oak by the Brandy Hill  
school-house, sure enough. There was Je-  
lie Green—pshaw! he's married an' gone  
to York this twenty odd year. There was  
Hi Lockwood; he went to the war, an'  
never come back; besides, he an' me never  
hitched horses no way, he was the meanest.  
Couldn't be Stephen Slocum? Mercy me!  
no; he was always a danglin' after Love  
Allen, and they say he married her after her  
first died, and they live in California."

Miss Lyddy was really beating round the  
bush in these reminiscences. She had picked  
up the corner of her check apron, and  
rolled it over and over to help her memory;  
but she knew all the time that there was  
only one boy in the school who could have  
written those lines, and truly she had not  
thought of him for years; but now he had  
been recalled to her. And yet, as the best  
and simplest of women will sometimes, she  
was acting this small play to herself for her-  
self. Verily, we women are queer creatures.

"Why, I declare," she went on, after a  
brief pause. "I do believe it is L-muel  
Bangs. He lived a half a mile beyond our  
folks, on the way to school, and he did use  
to be a waitin' for me sometimes; and  
now I recollect on't, we went a winter-green  
plummin' more'n once up to our wood lot,  
Must be. The ain't no other kind of plums  
grows about Hanaford except in folkses  
gardens, and we mostly went along in the  
fall. Well, well, well! I do wonder where  
he is, and what he is a doin', and how upon  
air he come to think so much o' me after  
all these years?"

A soft color stole up on Miss Lyddy's  
pale cheek, a glow crept into her eyes, her  
eyes grew bright and soft and dim, and no-  
body saw them except Tommy the cat, and  
Tommy was not an observant creature, ex-  
cept in the case of fresh meat or new milk.  
The arrival of those vlands he noticed with  
alacrity, and expressed himself about them  
with deep interest; he cared nothing for  
Cupid and doves (painted ones), nor yet  
for tender verses. He escaped much dis-  
quietude.

Miss Lyddy looked away that missive in  
a little upper drawer of the great bureau  
with glass handles in her keeping-room, and  
lay awake much longer than she ought, try-  
ing to remember more about L-muel Bangs  
than she really did.

She woke up next day with that gratified  
feeling, vague yet delightful, that visits us  
all when something gratifying has taken  
place over night, and smiled to herself, as  
she fried her potato for breakfast, and  
boiled a fresh egg for that fragrant meal,  
to think how pleasant it was to be remembered  
—and almost—made love to by L-muel  
Bangs, who was such a jolly little boy with  
red hair and freckles when she knew him.  
What had become of him? Like all the  
other Hanaford boys, he had gone west;  
she knew so much; but his parents died  
some time ago, and he had slipped out  
away too after that; he had slipped out of  
Hanaford talk and recollections as one leaf  
slips away from the crowding foliage of a  
forest tree, and is thought of no more.

Blessed be coincidences! Without them  
how could we poor literary grubbers ever  
write stories, or poems, or any such thing?  
And coincidences are much more common,  
beloved reader, than you have any idea, un-  
less you belong to the Psychological Society,  
and diligently study their records.

While Lyddy Packard was smiling and  
coloring over her valentine, L-muel Bangs  
was actually brushing off his great-coat in  
the bar-room of the Hanaford tavern. He  
had come back from that indefinite, prosper-  
ous west with a modest fortune, not to  
settle in his native town—oh no!—but he  
had business in Boston, and as that was  
done with sooner than he expected, he just  
ran up to Hanaford with a vague longing to  
see the old town, much wondering on his  
way if there were any one left there who re-  
membered him, so long an exile. For L-muel  
had had his own experiences, like most men  
of forty-nine; he had been married and  
lost his wife, as well as several children;  
he only the youngest, twin girls of five,  
had left behind him, at his farm in  
Dakota, with their old grandmother. At  
the tavern nobody knew him. Old Shepard  
was long gone to his place in the graveyard;  
it was like the roll-call after a mighty bat-  
tle to hear him ask the smart fellow who  
was landlady now about his old school-  
mates; relatives he knew were not there.  
Yes, this was dead; so was this one;  
that one was in "California," 't'other in

"York;" even the girls were dead or mar-  
ried, till it came to Lyddy's turn.

"Well, she is here," answered the land-  
lord, pleased to find one name left; "she  
lives by herself a piece down the Darby  
road, in a little red house; her folks used  
to live there, I guess."

It was too late to hunt her up that night,  
but L-muel Bangs rose next day with full  
intent to find his school-mate. There was  
not a spark of sentiment in his recollection  
of her; he never could or would have writ-  
ten that valentine; but he remembered the  
demure, bright-eyed little maid, and how he  
had pined even though he avoided her for  
being that old reprobate "old man Pack-  
ard's" daughter. He had gone away before  
his father died, and had a whole history of  
his own since; his hair was no longer red—  
it was a good bushy gray; and a whole-  
some tan had obliterated his freckles; but the  
sound white teeth, the kindly eyes, the  
dear chin dimple, still remained; the laugh-  
ing boy had grown into the resolute, cheery  
man, who scrambled up again every time  
fate knocked him down, and laughed at his  
own falls.

Lyddy knew him as soon as she opened  
the door, and held out both her hands.  
"Why, L-muel Bangs!" she cried, with a voice  
of tender surprise and welcome. "This  
beats everything! Who'd ha' thought of  
seem' you!"

"Well, Lyddy, here I am."  
He strode in and sat down by the fire, a  
big, sturdy, pleasant-faced man; and Lyddy  
stood and looked at him. Dear old Lyddy!  
that had little cupid had brushed the cob-  
webs of Time off her face since yesterday;  
some ineffable gleam of youth played over  
the smiling old face, and kindled the pen-  
sive eyes to brightness.

"Why, you haven't grown old to speak  
of, have you?" laughed L-muel.  
And Lyddy answered, "I guess I hev as  
much as you, L-muel; but I knowed you  
right off."

So then they sat down and chatted.  
There was a plate of doughnuts in the cup-  
board that tasted "just like mother's," on  
which she regaled him, brewing a cup of  
tea besides, the only beverage she had to  
offer. And there they sat for hours, talking  
over the dead and gone, till each knew all  
the other had to tell.

L-muel did not leave Hanaford the next  
day, as he meant to; he hired a pung, and  
took Lyddy over to Dayton, where his  
folks were buried; he wanted to see about  
their graves, and the way to Dayton  
led past Brandy Hill school-house. L-muel  
reminded her how they used to swing on  
those trees, and inquired if the winter-green  
plums up in her wood lot were as big as  
they used to be. Lyddy never alluded to  
those dear verses; nor did L-muel—natu-  
rally! To her sweet, shy soul that valentine  
was a sacred subject; she felt pleased with  
L-muel's delicacy of feeling in ignoring it.  
O, men and brothers! do you ever imagine  
how much credit you get in feminine minds  
for things you never so much as think of?  
I hope not. But why should I linger in  
this fashion? What good is it to paint ev-  
ery step of the brief courtship that really  
began to grow on that very drive, as L-muel  
looked at Lyddy's kind face, growing  
rosy in the keen wintry air, heard her pleas-  
ant voice, and thought of his lonely farm in  
Dakota, and his twin girls growing up there  
with their feeble, fretful grandmother, who  
was always pining to go back and live with  
her son at Chicago?

Yes, it was a short courtship; but, as a  
certain rustic said of Niagara's awful and  
solemn cataraet, "What's to hinder?"

Lyddy had no tresson to furnish, no  
relatives to consult; her heart said "yes"  
before her lips did; and L-muel must get  
home; so in one fortnight's time she was  
"wooded an' married an' a!" and is now  
the happiest of women, with two loving  
little maids hanging about her all day, an  
affectionate and cheerful husband, and a  
home of her own—a real home, such as it  
means when "He setteth the solitary in  
families."

Molly and Anne saw Mrs. Lyddy come  
out of the parsonage on her husband's arm,  
and enter the stage that was to carry them  
over to Dayton station. They knew about  
the wedding, and were peeping through the  
blinds to see what they could see.

"Oh dear!" said Molly to Anne, "we  
never shall know now how she took that  
valentine."

"Never!" said Anne to Molly.  
And you won't, my dears, till you read  
this little tale. It is only yours who know  
everything.—Harper's Bazar.

## The "Chinook."

The east wind, the drying or chilling  
wind, according to the season, that blows  
down the Columbia river with great force  
sometimes, was called by them the Walla  
Walla wind, because it came to them from  
the direction of the Walla Walla country.  
In the winter this wind brings freezing  
weather, and sometimes will close the  
streams with ice. In the summer it is a  
parching wind, and its approach can be  
noted for long distances as it lifts the dust  
and debris high in the air. It is an odious  
wind, and no one wishes it to blow upon  
him. Fortunately, its reign is always short.  
It rarely prevails for more than three hours,  
but will sometimes continue for three or  
four days.

Its enemy is the Chinook wind, so called  
by the Indians alluded to above, because it  
came to them from the direction of the  
country of the Chinooks. This is a balmy  
wind, coming from the Kuro Sivo, or Great  
Japanese current, of the Pacific Ocean. In  
the summer it is a cool wind, and tempers  
the heat of summer so that nowhere in  
Washington Territory do people fall down  
with sunstrokes. In the winter it is a warm,  
moist wind, and is sometimes slightly  
odorous, as if spiced-laden from the tropics.  
It is so gentle upon ordinary occasions that  
its presence could not be noted by its mo-  
tion, and it is almost miraculous in its ef-  
fect. Snow and ice disappear before it  
with rapidity, and it seems to be able to  
blow for long distances between walls of  
colder air without parting with its heat.  
Sometimes it constitutes an upper current,  
in which case the remarkable spectacle is  
witnessed of the snow melting from the  
mountain tops while thermometers in the  
valleys register below the freezing point.  
At other times it is the surface current, and  
follows the valleys and gorges as a flood  
might follow them. It seems to bear heav-  
ing upon its wings, like Sandalphon, the

Angel of Prayer, and it is not difficult to  
conceive that the Indians would wish to  
personify it, in order to fix upon it their de-  
votions.

This wind sometimes penetrates as far as  
the upper stretches of the Missouri, and  
even tempers the air on the plains of Da-  
kota beyond the Rocky Mountains. Where-  
ever it goes the chains of winter are un-  
loosed, and the ice-bound rivers are set free.  
The Chinook is the natural enemy of the  
odious east wind, and while ordinarily it  
wields its influence as gently as the zephyrs  
that waft the thistledowns in autumn, still  
there are times when the two winds engage  
in giant conflicts and fight for supremacy,  
now in the upper, then in the lower strata,  
on the mountains and in the valleys, alter-  
nately driving each other back and forth,  
sweeping the trees, tossing the leaves and  
swirling the raindrops or the crystals of  
snow as the one or the other advances. But  
the combat is never long and victory is al-  
ways with the Chinook. The inhabitants  
east of the Cascade Mountains, when win-  
ter has seized them and the east wind dashes  
snow into their faces, pray for the Chinook  
to come. They look by day for its moist  
front and listen by night for the noise of its  
combat with the east wind, and when it  
reaches them they rejoice.—Gov. Semple.

## Ventilation of the Home.

At a meeting of the Engineering Society  
held last week in the School of Science,  
Toronto, Mr. W. E. Field read a paper upon  
the Heating and Ventilating of Buildings.  
and although the subject is a very exten-  
sive one the essayist had condensed it into  
what he brought out the main principles  
very clearly in a most interesting paper.  
Hitherto the ventilation of rooms seems to  
have been left in most cases to take care of  
itself, but among sanitary engineers and  
scientific architects the importance of the  
subject is becoming better recognized every  
day. Mr. Field spoke of the very vitiat-  
ing effect of the gas we burn, one jet of  
which consumes more air than a man in a  
given time, and in addition to this renders  
the resulting product much more impure  
than the air which man exhales. This ex-  
haled air contains from four to five per cent.  
of carbonic acid gas, whereas pure air rarely  
contains more than five parts in 10,000, and  
it has been proven by numerous experiments  
that air containing from 3.5 to 4 per cent of  
this gas is insupportable to human life. Owing  
to the quantity of air consumed by burning  
gas, and the extremely poisonous nature of  
the products of combustion, it is necessary  
to provide an exit for these gases at the  
ceiling of the room, even when an outlet for  
ordinary foul air is situated near the floor  
line. A mistake is often made in suppos-  
ing that because the air issuing from our lungs  
is at a higher temperature than the air in the  
room, it will therefore rise to the ceiling,  
and should be drawn off there. The fact is  
that exhaled air contains so much moisture  
and carbonic acid gas that the slight differ-  
ence in temperature is more than counter-  
balanced by the increase in its specific grav-  
ity, and therefore it falls to the floor, and  
while the exit must always be placed near  
the floor line, its position depends to a cer-  
tain extent upon the system of heating  
used. An open fire-place will draw off all  
the foul air of a room, but unfortunately it  
very often produces a dangerous draught  
from imperfectly made window sashes and  
door frames, but in any case it will draw  
into the room sufficient air for its own  
draught. A closed stove however is if any  
thing worse than the grate, for with it no  
air is drawn off except that which is re-  
quired for the combustion of the fuel, and  
as steam and hot water coils require no such  
air the case is even worse when they are  
used, unless a distinct and complete system  
of ventilation is also supplied. If hot air  
is used care must be taken that the air is  
not burnt in the furnace, and assuming this  
the inlet may be either at the bottom or top  
of the room, but the outlet must be always  
at the floor line and should be placed in  
such a position that it will not be too close  
to the inlet.

## Fleeing the Unwary.

The Art Amateur tells how rogues in the  
auction room deceive buyers of pictures by  
tricks which would be sharp in a horse  
jockey:  
"Now that the season for picture mock  
auctions has set in, it is well to renew our  
cautions to our readers to be on their guard  
against tricks of the trade. There are vari-  
ous clever dodges for palming off copies of  
valuable paintings for the originals. A cer-  
tain dealer went to a western town and  
opened an auction. In his otherwise worth-  
less collection were one or two original  
works by good artists. Of each of these  
originals there were some half dozen copies  
very fairly executed. At the sale the un-  
doubted picture was put up, and of course  
guaranteed. It was duly knocked down,  
laid behind the auctioneer's rostrum until  
the sale was over, and then the spurious  
work was sent home to the purchaser. In  
travelling from town to town, never remain-  
ing long in one, this knavish dealer made a  
good thing of it, since he got rid of all the  
forged pictures, and still retained the origi-  
nals. Another ingenious dodge resort-  
ed to by such men is to have a couple of can-  
vases in one frame, one in front of the  
other, the front canvas being the genuine  
work, the other a copy of the same. The  
picture having been knocked down, the  
auctioneer blandly invites the purchaser to  
write his signature on the back of the can-  
vas, "so there may be no mistake." By  
the end of the sale, the auctioneer's assist-  
ant, conveniently operating behind a screen,  
has extracted the front canvas from the  
frame—the removal and replacement of  
a few tacks being all that is necessary—and  
the spurious picture is handed to the inno-  
cent purchaser, who, making sure of his  
signature on the back, is perfectly satisfied  
that he has not been taken in."

Dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, and  
that tired feeling are cured by Hood's Sassa-  
parilla, which tones the stomach, promotes  
healthily digestion, creates an appetite, cures  
sick headache and builds up the whole system.  
Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Why are ladies like churches? Because  
there is no living without them.

Regulate the Regulator, with Warner's Log  
Cabin Sarsaparilla. Manufactured by prop-  
rietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Largest  
bottle in the market. All druggists sell it.

## Amid Drifting Sands.

The "sand hills" in Nebraska are pecu-  
liar. Drifted east, west, north, south,  
everywhere, by each wind that blows;  
whirled up into a conical peak by the wind  
of to-day, only to be blown out into a long,  
low drift by that of to-morrow; tossed about  
hither and thither, like snow by every pass-  
ing breeze—these sand dunes have a strange,  
uncertain existence, almost as fickle and  
capricious as the wind itself. They are a  
shifting, moving desert, an ever billowy  
ocean on which one may walk, mounting  
the waves, and, looking off across the rest-  
less surface, see sand and sky, nothing  
more. They are unique; an ocean, while  
tossed by a storm, turned to sand, and still  
like the ocean, the waves rising and falling,  
only slower. Fitful, unquiet, restless, a  
vagrant country.

The sand hills are desolate, dreary, silent.  
On a calm day the silence is oppressive. I  
remember riding up on the top of one of  
these drifts of sand one afternoon when the  
sun was sinking well down toward the  
west, and it seemed as if there was nothing  
around me but shadows—every cone throw-  
ing a dark shadow half way up the grayish  
yellow side of the next. I had left the  
wagon an hour before, as we were going  
along the trail four or five miles to the south,  
and ridden off among the hills on the pony  
after some antelope of which we had  
caught sight. It was a still, calm October  
day—not a breath of wind, not a cloud in  
sight. I had wandered over and among the  
hills for some time, when I stopped to rest  
on the top of one rather higher than the  
others. It seemed as if I could see the thou-  
sands of the little round, conical hills—  
each forty or fifty feet high perhaps—each  
like all the others—each casting a dark,  
semi-circular shadow. As the eye reached  
further away the hills seemed to become  
lost and gradually melt into one another,  
but the shadows remained, making a land-  
scape of shadows—half shadows, half sun-  
light. The shadows lay thick and regular  
over the sandy waste, as if some giant had  
gone over the whole country with a huge  
paint brush, and touched the landscape  
regularly with dark blotches. Their edges  
almost met, with only a tracery of sunlight  
dividing them. In time the view would  
have grown monotonous, but then it was  
strange, unique, bewildering. It was sil-  
ent and desolation lying at one's feet,  
with the soft afternoon sun—a little redder  
than usual, a little like Indian summer—  
flooding it with a hazy light, and gradually  
sinking lower and lower, while the shadows  
rose higher and higher.

Some little distance away I could see a  
couple of the antelopes I had started after  
on one of the hills, gazing toward me with  
mild surprise at the fact that I thought that  
I was going to get them. Sitting half way  
up the side of almost the next hill was a  
lean and hungry coyote. At the foot of the  
one where I stood lay scattered the bones of  
two or three buffaloes, half buried in the  
sand, with their white spectral looking  
skulls and black horns. The rest was sand  
—sand and shadows and silence.

The only variation to the scene of hill and  
shadow was far to the northwest—so far  
that it was scarcely noticed at first. Here  
in one place the hills grew lower till gradu-  
ally the shadows melted together, and a  
narrow but well defined valley could be  
traced, at the bottom of which, gleaming in  
the sun, lay a little silver lake—a glimmer-  
ing mirror among the sand dunes. It was  
where the wind, during some dry season  
had whirled the sand away and scooped  
down lower than usual—below the water  
line—and afterward the water had run in  
and formed the little pond. It was a little  
well dug by the wind.

These sands blow about all winter—they  
are too dry to freeze, if the snow covers  
them it soon blows off, and with it the hill  
on which it lay. Along the railroad a heavy  
wind will frequently drift the sand into the  
cuts till it stops the trains. I have myself  
seen six inches of sand on the track in some  
places. A heavy rain will partially subdue  
the sand for a very short time—while it is  
raining, perhaps, not much longer.—Chi-  
c



